

The Davey Party.

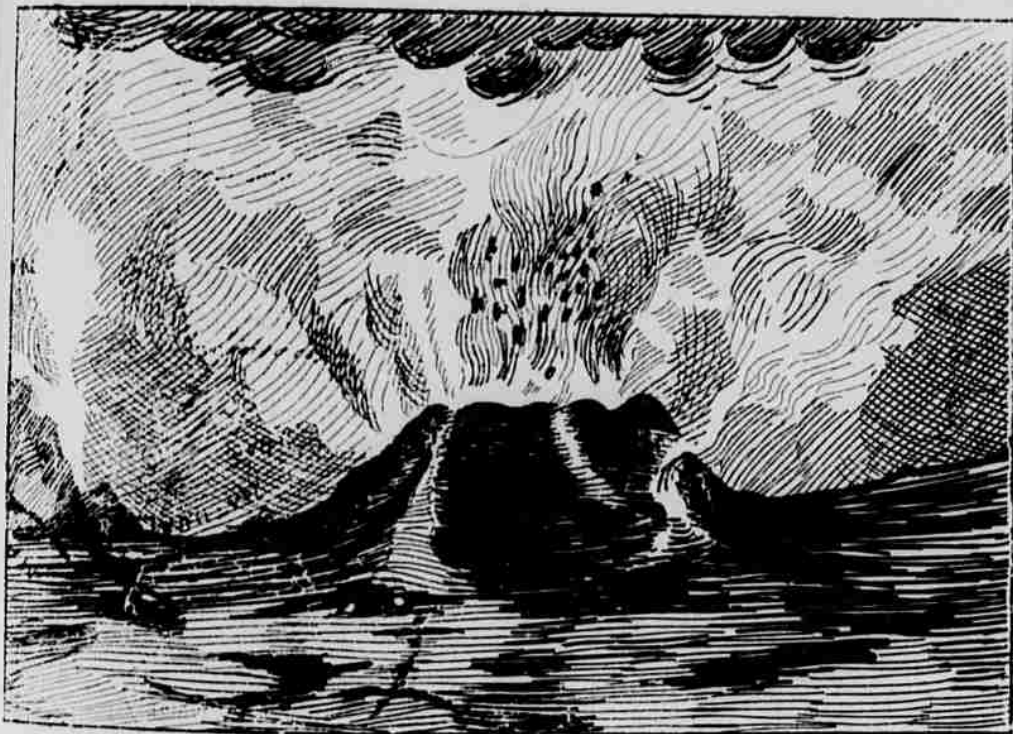
(Written for Austin's Hawaiian Weekly.)

left here by the Hall on Tuesday, July 11th, with the intention of reaching the eruption from the Kona side. Upon arriving at Kailua, Kona, I telephoned to Mr. Monsarrat, at Kapapala, and found that he had a house full and all his horses engaged. Therefore, decided to take the most direct route of all, right over the mountain from the Kona side, rather than lose time. The difficulties may be imagined when it is remembered that Mauna Loa is 13,800 feet high and that we had to travel over lava all the way. We hired horses at Kailua and rode through the forest. From this point we made the balance of the journey on foot. There were eight in the party besides myself, including Professor Ingalls, Mr. McCarthy, Sterns Buck, J. Bollard and H. Kneigel and three guides. We made camp and left the horses and pack mules at the upper edge of the forest. After five miles of travel over uneven lava three of the party gave it up and turned to camp. It was a terrible journey and

we reached a point within a thousand feet of cone number eight, in which all the action was centered, although cone number seven was still a hot member. The accompanying illustration, which I especially prepared for Austin's Weekly, shows cones number seven and eight in action. The sight was grand beyond any power of the pen to describe, especially as night came on. It seems a misnomer to call these cones. Cone eight was over 200 feet high and had a crater in the top 500 feet in diameter. It was a veritable volcano, livid, glowing, terrible, emitting red hot lava that was thrown high into the air, then fell on the sides of the crater, building it up very rapidly. At regular intervals, with a roaring sound, great boulders, some weighing tons, were thrown into the air 400 feet, the professor estimated with his instruments. From the side of the cone a broad stream of lava flowed with great velocity—for a half mile—then buried itself later to emerge to the surface in the flow toward Hilo. From the vantage ground I had selected I succeeded in getting some very fine photographs.

The return to the summit was a terrible task. We were so exhausted that after dragging along a hundred yards or so we would lie down on the hard, jagged rocks and nap a few minutes and then struggle one. So the return journey was made.

FRANK DAVEY.



FROM THE HILO SIDE.

Last Monday a party of fourteen of us, residents of Hilo and Olaa, started from the Volcano House, at an early hour, for the flow. It would have been impossible to take a short cut from the Volcano House to the scene of action because of the large and dangerous fields of a-a to be crossed. Under the guidance of E. D. Baldwin and Joe Flores we took a more circuitous route, and after a very tedious day's journey on horseback, (our horses only being able to move at a slow walk) we camped at W. H. Shipman's bark house. Next morning we rode about five miles to the edge of the flow of 1881. From this point we had to walk, it was estimated a distance of about seven miles, with a rise of about 3000 feet. After traveling for seven miles over black and shining pahoehoe and tumbling over terrible a-a under the fearful heat of a tropical July sun, we discovered that there was still another ridge to cross before the desired goal could be reached.

From a great cone about 150 or 200 feet high fountains of fire, constantly playing, shot up into the air for a hundred feet, and from a great fissure in the side of the cone, about 50 feet in width, flowed a great stream of molten lava—a

veritable waterfall of fire, which rushes down the slope with great velocity until it begins to cool as the slope is less precipitous, and the lava spreads out. It is flowing in the direction of Mauna Kea and at the present rate of speed cannot reach Hilo for nine or ten months.

The Anglo-American Entente.

If anything were needed to emphasize the existing cordial relations between the United States and Great Britain, it was supplied in the enthusiasm in which our national holiday was celebrated in London; where representative Englishmen vied with Americans in expressions of admiration for President McKinley and all that the Stars and Stripes represent. No one who believes this coming together of the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race is not only for the best interests of either, but also brought with the possibilities of immense benefits to the whole human race; can read even the meager press reports of the speeches of Ambassador Choate and Cardinal Vaughan, at the banquet held at the Hotel Cecil, without a stirring of the pulse and a quickened heart beat.

In fact the speech of Cardinal Vaughan, who as Archbishop of Westminster is the head of the Catholic Church in England, caused a decided sensation and will doubtless furnish food for thought in all the courts of Europe. In plain language, the Cardinal urged England and America to co-operate in carrying civilization into the far East, by force if necessary. When it is understood that this utterance represents the sentiment not merely of English Catholic, but of the Great Church itself, whose foundations are at Rome; it assumes a character of such vast importance as to overshadow any announcement of a new departure in international politics, made in recent years. The Cardinal evidently belongs to the "new diplomacy" school. He who runs, may read and understand the following language. "Which power in the future of the world shall be predominant over the great continent yet unreclaimed by Christian civilization? Shall it be the great despotic power that looms in the north of Asia, or shall it be the power of the liberty-loving nations represented by English speaking people?"

We have always believed that Great Britain and the United States would ultimately be drawn together by pure force of gravity, but scarcely expected to live to see the day. Events however have moved rapidly in the closing years of this great and eventful century; and one of the greatest of those events, is the unwritten, but on that account more binding, alliance, between the two foremost nations on earth Russian diplomacy—the most dexterous extant—more than any one cause, has assisted in keeping the two nations apart. The Spanish-American war however, compelled the Northern Bear to change his attitude. Directly the United States acquired a foot-hold in the Orient, he showed his claws. For the first time in her history, Columbia placed herself in a position where her interests and those of the Northern Colossus might possibly clash. In a moment the soft pad that hitherto had represented the Russian "glad hand," was withdrawn and the threatening claws protruded.

That the same force which has brought about the Anglo-American alliance call it what you will, the result remains—will also some day involve a gigantic struggle between the two nations combined and the Russian Empire, seems to us inevitable. That contest when it comes will represent a fight to the death for the mastery of the world. One side representing all that is freest and most enlightened in modern civilization; the other, blind obedience to the command of one despotic will. In other words the force alluded to above, is manifest destiny.

BEASLEY,

add to the hardship we were fifteen hours without water. On the summit we found ice, which relieved the terrible thirst. Camp was made here but we could not rest long as it was very cold, way below the freezing point, and we slid on down the slope of the Hilo side of the mountain. The ground was fearfully rough and we were constantly falling into pits, tearing our clothes and leaving pieces of skin behind as we tumbled out. At an altitude of 11,000 feet, by the professor's report, we came upon a newly formed cone, we were disappointed at finding it inactive. There were four of these great cones that showed signs of life. The fifth was emitting smoke and steam in a desultory way, while the sixth gave evidence of more life. The eruption had evidently moved down the slope, in a series of cone formations, a thing that had not been discovered by other parties who had approached the eruption from below. Here the guide gave out, but tired as we were, the professor and I pushed on until